

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
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MY PETS.

KINDNESS TO DUMB ANIMALS.

THE "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals" have offered prizes to the scholars of the public schools of Boston for the best compositions upon this subject: a prize of ten dollars to each High school, and one of five dollars to each Grammar school. The subject was assigned a month ago; and it is safe to say that many thousand scholars have been thinking the matter over, and considering their duties to the animal creation.

How far this Society intends to extend their movement in this direction we do not know; but there can be no doubt in regard to the wisdom of their proceedings in bringing this subject before the young. Much of the hard treatment animals receive from them arises from thoughtlessness. The subject coming before them in this way compels their serious thought, and can hardly fail to influence their action; and, more than this, the topic is carried into every home, and becomes a subject of general conversation.

We hope none of our young readers will ever be guilty of subjecting to cruel treatment any living creature. They should never torture or put to any needless pain even those troublesome animals they may be obliged to destroy; certainly should never unkindly treat those animals that contribute to their comfort or pleasure. Let them have their pets, — rabbits, dogs, kittens, birds, lambs, horses, or whatever they choose. And let their motto be: Kindness towards the harmless; cruelty to none.

The picture on the first page shows how kindness wins the confidence and attachment of the feathered race. Those doves know the sweet face of their friend, and the kind hand that is put out to pet them. With what confidence they come to the window,

pick up the crumbs that have been spread for them, or nestle down in quietness. We saw the other day a dove fly from the street and light on the arm of a fruit-vendor, who had been in the habit of feeding her.

It seems that so stupid an animal as we have regarded the fish can learn to know the hand that feeds it. Birds will come at the call of those they have learned to trust. Let us hope that men will come to treat the useful, pleasure-giving, harmless animals with so much kindness as to win their confidence, and be regarded as friends rather than foes.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

LETTER TO THE DAYSPRING.

—, MARCH 10, 1872.

MY DEAR "DAYSPRING," — As soon as I get a letter from any of my friends I begin to want to write a letter in return; and so when I had read yours of March, which did not reach me till to-day, my thoughts began to answer it before I could take the pen into my hand. This has been one of the most uncomfortable Sundays of the year. The rain has been coming down steadily all day; and, as the ground is frozen hard, it has not soaked in, but has made a coating of ice which has been very slippery and hard to walk upon, and the rest of the rain which has not frozen has run in streams in the streets or roads. For all that, our Sunday school numbered sixty; and there were eight "little flower-buds" in the Infant Class, where we had ever so much of the sunlight of shining faces which you told us about in to-day's paper, though there was no common sunshine out of doors.

The children had a good lesson, and they said it "with a will." We all learn the same lesson, and say it all together. You will find to-day's lesson in "All the Sundays in the Year," on the page for the "second Sunday in March." It begins,

"Busy I must be, and do
What is right and useful too."

When the children had said the lesson, the teacher talked with them about some of the busy little beings that there are in the world. First, there are the ants, which work all summer long, running hither and thither and carrying their little loads from place to place. But the ant works for itself alone and its own family. It is very good to them, and it makes its home neat and pleasant, and takes good care of the baby ants. That is all very good: if it wasn't, the Bible wouldn't say, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." Some people are like the ants: they take good care of their own houses and families, but they never do any thing for anybody else.

Next to these are the bees:

"The little busy bees
Improve each shining hour
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower."

These are no busier than the ants, as they too work for themselves alone; but that which they do for themselves helps others also, for do we not all have our share of the delicious honey which they make? These are like people who build stately houses, and lay out beautiful grounds, and plant lovely and fragrant flowers for their own sakes; but all the neighbors and passers-by come in for their share of the delight which they afford.

There is still another class of little workers, — the small coral insects which work ceaselessly under water, extracting the materials for their working, lime and silicium, from the

water, and adding constantly, little by little, to their solid structures, till they rise above the surface of the water. Then the floating sea-weed and other rubbish catch upon them, and after a time decay and form soil, and the birds and the waves bring to them seeds of plants and of trees, which take root and spring up into luxuriant growth, and after a long, long time, they are fitted for the abode of human beings. So the little coral insect works for all the world and for all time. That is what teachers and philanthropists and authors and painters are doing, and what I hope, my dear "Dayspring," that all your little readers will aim at doing when they shall have learned how. I would like to say a few words more about working; but my letter is already too long, and I will only add that I am your very sincere friend,

M. L. B.

WAS IT RIGHT?

THE other day, riding in a horse-car, we noticed a fine-looking lad from a High school, with his Legendre under his arm. The conductor came along, taking the fares. This lad had his ticket in his hand; but, more passengers getting into the car, he was crowded beyond the conductor, and his ticket was not taken. He did not pass it down to the conductor, but quietly put it in his pocket, and rode without paying his fare.

Was this right? We say emphatically, no. The railroad company make it the duty of the conductor to collect the fares, and he is responsible to the company for the performance of that duty. But it is the duty of every one who rides to pay his fare, whether asked for it or not. The conductor generally passes two or three times through a car, and there are always opportunities enough to pay him. To steal a ride is as bad as to steal any thing else.

Suppose this lad had gone into a grocery store, crowded with customers buying and paying for their purchases, and had asked for and had received certain articles. Suppose the grocer's attention had been immediately called away, and he had forgotten to take the pay. Would the lad have sneaked off with the articles without paying for them? Of course not. He sees the wrongfulness of that. Can he not see the wrongfulness, also, of taking advantage of a conductor's oversight?

Boys, be honest, scrupulously honest. Don't take advantage of any one's ignorance, confusion, or oversight. Do the straightforward, right thing, and preserve your self-respect. You may be kept poor thereby, as far as money goes, but you will be rich in yourself. No amount of ill-gotten gains can begin to equal in worth the consciousness of a right purpose in every act.

THE LITTLE TRUANTS.

FROM A GERMAN SONG BOOK.

THREE children sent to school one day
Preferred to loiter on their way;
And in their heads it still would run
That going to school was wretched fun.

And so they said in merry mood:
"Hurrah, now, for the pleasant wood!
To play is all the creatures do,
So come, and we'll play with them too."

They went and asked the creatures all
To play with them, both great and small;
But every one made answer: "Nay,
I'm sorry, I've no time to-day."

The chafer buzzed: "It would not do
For me to waste my time with you:
I have to build a bridge of grass,
The old one is not fit to pass."

Before the ant-hills off they crept,
And softly on their toes they stepped,
And by the bee-hives went quick pace
As if they were a poisonous race.

The little mousey spake them fine:
"I'm gathering in for winter-time."
"And I," the little pigeon said,
"Am gathering sticks to build my bed."

The little hare, he whispered low:
"For all the world I could not go;
My nose is dirty, only look,
And I must wash it in the brook."

The tender strawberry blossom said:
"My fruit is ripening, sweet and red,
I must improve this peasant day,
Before the beggar comes this way."

Just then a cockerel came in view:
"Ah, dearest Mister Doodle Doo!
You've surely naught to do to-day,
So come and join us in our play."

"Your pardon! I have guests to dine, —
High bloods, — and I must feast them fine."
Thus with grave face repudied the cock,
Made a stiff bow, and off did stalk.

So then they thought again, and look!
They spied a little racing brook:
Come, play with us, you've time, we know!
The little brook said: "Pray, how so?"

"Hey! see the lazy children, see,
I know not where my head can be;
They think I've naught to do but play,
And yet I rest not night or day:

"Men and cattle, waste land, woodland,
I give drink to, poor land, good land,
Poor make rich, and rich make richer,
Fill up every pail and pitcher,

"Keep children still, make mill-wheels thunder,
Polish brass, saw boards asunder,
Spin the wool, and carry shipping,
Put out fires, keep hammers tripping, —

"This is not half, and time would fail
If I should tell you all the tale:"
He said, and skipped from stone to stone,
And lo, the little brook was gone!

Their hearts were almost sinking now,
When one of them upon a bough
Beheld a finch contented sit,
Who piped his song and ate his bit.

"Ah, Mister Singerman, you know
Your lesson very well! come, go
With us, you've time enough to-day,
And join us children in our play."

"Odds bobbins! I am quite amazed!
You children seem to me half crazed!
I've hunted insects all day long,
Am singing now my evening song.

"And now 'tis bed-time, and my young
To sleep are waiting to be sung;
And so we parents, perched on high,
Are piping them a lullaby.

"I sing the woodlands all to rest,
A weary man with thankful breast,
My mouth gives praises to the Lord,
Who gives to labor its reward.

"But tell me, what have you, then, wrought,
Who had of me so poor a thought?
Go back, you truants, to your love,
And plague the people here no more!"

With wisdom from the creatures learned,
The children straightway homeward turned,
Convinced that happy sport must be
The prize of faithful industry.

C. T. B.

SUNDAY TALK.



CHILDREN, you have been so patient in waiting to hear more about the mountains, that I will describe to you to-day my visit with cousin Lucy to Diana's Baths, whilst we were at the Sunset Pa-

vilion in North Conway. A friend had made for us a list of what we must certainly see; so Saturday afternoon we engaged a wagon, with a safe horse and a safe driver, though we little dreamed how much we should need both. The latter said he had driven a stage-coach through the hills in pitch darkness, and been obliged to trust to the sure-footed mountain horses."

"How could the horses see any better than he did?"

"I don't know how. I only know they did. Their sight is keener, and an animal's instinct is sometimes a safer guide than man's reason. Still we felt if our driver had been able to keep his seat, and hold the reins, dark, freezing nights, he would not be apt to upset us in the light. The road was rough and heavy, but the tug of war came, when, in fording the Saco, the 'merry' river overflowed the wheels and wet the floor of the vehicle. Our New Hampshire boy drove carefully, but I could see he enjoyed our fright, as with scared faces, and holding

tight to the vehicle, we *swirled* down the river, instead of ploughing straight across. Out of the water we breathed again; though we canted to one side, pulling up the stony, narrow road. But what do you think Diana's Baths were like?"

"Tanks of water, or tin tubs?"

"Much prettier. Hollows, scooped out of rocks, by water falling from heights above."

"How can water wear away stone?"

"By constantly dropping on it. So, little faults, repeated day by day, wear holes in a good heart. It seems strange that a baby, helpless in its mother's lap, smiling in her face, can change into a hard-faced, sinful man. But the baby becomes so, by giving way, as he grows up, to small faults of temper and mean thoughts of self."

"Will our baby grow up naughty?" asked Sarah, in a grieved tone.

"I hope not. We must do all we can to keep his pure white soul from blots, by setting him a good example."

"Baby doesn't do wrong when I do wrong!"

"No; but his face is a looking-glass which reflects our smiles and frowns. If you scowl, and double up your fist, baby will follow suit."

"I never double up my fist."

"Sarah, how tiresome!" cried Louisa.

"Aunt 'Lisbeth means if you happen to."

"Did Diana take her bath as soon as you got there?"

"Sarah, how ridiculous!"

"Stop a minute, Louisa. Can you tell your little sister who was Diana?"

"She was a heathen goddess, who went hunting."

"Yes. And I suppose these lovely baths were called after her because she was so modest, and haunted woodland spots. After stepping from shelf to shelf of rock, and ad-

miring the varied beauty, we made our way to the Cathedral. Cousin Lucy, fearing I would stumble, because of my lame ankle, urged me to look at it from a safe distance. But I could not bear to be so near, and 'see so little of its wonders.

"The Cathedral is a cave, scooped by the waters, frosts, and storms. I believe the State House in Boston is a hundred feet high; if so, the Cathedral is a little more than half as high, — nearly sixty feet; and forty feet deep. I fear some day there may be a fearful accident from the roof crumbling in. I wonder at the courage of the bride who chose to be married in that grand, but dangerous place. I was more glad to get down than up, for what would Cousin Lucy have done, if I had sprained my ankle so far from home? I stepped with care, and steadied myself by every twig.

Fording the river on our return seemed worse than at first. A large party who had ploughed over smoothly in a heavy mountain wagon, drawn by powerful horses, were so malicious as to stop to enjoy our fright, as our light vehicle, with its light load, swung around in the current."

"Why don't they build a bridge?"

"They've tried in vain. We were soothed by our safe drive to Echo Lake. Perhaps its placid face helped us too, for we were all ready to amuse our friends at the Pavilion with our fright. 'Oh!' said a lady, 'fording the Saco is child's play to fording the Delaware, horseback!'"

"I couldn't have gone over," said Sarah.

"Then you'd have lost a great deal. One might as well stay at home and save his money, if he can't put his fears in his pocket. Not that I want you to be careless; but only not *too* fearful. It is good for us to see the wonders our Heavenly Father has made. It is better to have conceit in our own strength shaken out of us. I might have fallen com-

ing down from the Cathedral. Any day I may make a fatal misstep on the stairs."

"I'm always afraid of falling from top to bottom," said Sarah.

"And yet you jump down. Try to go down more slowly; then rest easy in the hollow of your Father's hand, who giveth his angels charge concerning you."

E. P. C.

A GOOD RECORD.

[The pastor of one of our country parishes sends us the following. We do not know that we can give it a better title than the above. We are sorry he requests us not to give the name of the Sunday school.]

OVER three years ago, I asked the children of my Sunday school if they would not like to be doing something for the help of little children not so fortunate as themselves. Every hand was raised; and so we agreed to bring our pennies every Sunday, and raise money for the help of the "Temporary Home for Destitute Children," now at No. 1 Pine Place, in Boston, and under the charge of a most excellent Christian woman, whom all the children there call "Aunty" Gwynne.

Once in a while I would take some money in to her; and, by telling my Sunday-school scholars, on my return, of the poor little orphans I saw there, I managed to get them very much interested. And so the penny contributions, instead of growing smaller, as I feared they might, grew larger. We have had about eighty scholars in our Sunday school, but the collections have averaged about a dollar a Sunday.

One day, ten of my young girls in the school agreed to work together for a little fair; and, as they knew it would please me very much, they kept it entirely secret. One day I had some tickets left me for this little fair, which I knew almost nothing about.

So, in the evening, I went to the house of a parishioner where it was held; and there was almost every thing that was nice and pretty in the way of dolls and fancy articles, and all the arrangements to make the fair pleasant and successful. And a day or two afterwards these dear children came down, as happy as you ever saw children, bringing me nearly \$170 for the "Home" I have spoken of. It certainly made me as happy as any of them; and a few days afterward we went in together and visited the "Home," which was then on Kneeland Street. Still the contributions on Sunday continued as usual.

A short time ago, when the new house on Pine Place was taken, our children agreed to furnish the nursery. And so they all went to work and got up another fair, and from this we got \$250. With this we furnished the nursery, — putting in three cribs, a bed for the nurse, a carpet, stove, table, chairs, &c. We also bought for the little school-room in the "Home" twenty of the modern school-desks and chairs, of which the little children there are very proud. And we now have \$67.76 in our Savings' Bank, which we shall use for the benefit of the "Home." Besides this, we have found homes for three of the children, one of whom I call my own little girl.

I mention these things, dear children, hoping that you will see how much little children can do when they really make up their minds to it. Cannot some of you get interested in this "Home" on Pine Place, or some other good work of that sort, by which you may do a good deal towards making the poor and destitute ones, who need help, happy?

W. L. C.

BEHOLD the Book, whose leaves display
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way:
Read it with diligence and prayer;
Search it, and you shall find him there.

For The Dayspring.

THE VOICES ON THE SHORE.

WHILE travelling by steamboat during the last summer, a thick fog arose and hung over the water, effectually concealing from view the land, and making it dangerous to proceed, as the steersman could see nothing by which to direct the vessel's course. We proceeded for some time, however, in this manner, when the captain suddenly ordered the steamer to be stopped. One of the passengers inquired if he saw any thing more dangerous to further progress than we had already encountered.

"No," replied the captain, "there is nothing to be seen, but I know we must be very near the shore, and I do not wish to get aground."

"How do you know we are near land, if you cannot see it?"

"Because I hear voices on the shore," replied the captain.

We listened, and soon as the steamer's wheels ceased splashing, we could hear the talk and laughter of men, women, and children, and the bustle of a small town. When the fog partially cleared up, we found ourselves very near the land, opposite a high bluff, on which a large party was encamped, spending the summer vacation.

As the steamer's wheels resumed their plashing, and the camp with its merry occupants faded from my view, I mused: Thus should it be in the journey of life. Travelers on the ocean of time, enveloped in the fogs of doubt or unbelief, as we approach that land of which we know so little, may the voices of the loved ones gone before sound in our ears, cheering us, bidding us have no fear, but confide ourselves trustingly to Him who said, centuries ago, to the troubled waters, "Peace: be still!"

HENRY MORE.

MARY ELIZABETH BABCOCK.

[In connection with the Annual Report of the Warren Street Chapel, we find the following beautiful tribute, from the pen of Rev. George L. Chaney, to the memory of a most devoted teacher, the daughter of Rev. W. G. Babcock.]

ONESCORE and two were all her years; and yet she could hardly have learned more in the full threescore and ten.

She had a rare endowment, — many and varied gifts. Taste and artistic talent lived side by side, with easy adaptability to practical uses, so that it was hard to tell whether she more adorned or built up her home.

Whenever she entered the room, it was as if some one had drawn the shade and let in the sunshine. She lived to cheer all about her. Like the sun, too, she had her daily course, and went the rounds of friendly visitation and charitable work. In the chapel, where her father ministered, she was a true colleague, standing at his right hand in every good word and work. Every Sunday, she gathered her little congregation (eighteen children) around her, and fed them with the gleanings of her active and serious soul. Each lesson began by a recital of six ways of being happy, and ended by being happy in the one best way, — of uniting with one whom the children loved, in the thought of God and heaven.

The Sunday school and service could not exhaust her active piety; but through the week she ministered, — a teacher in the evening schools, and the genial friend of the children's hour on the festival afternoon of the week.

All this and more she did, while suffering from physical weakness which might well have excused her from all labor. Often, when she had spent the night in vain attempts to sleep, she would appear among

her friends with a brightness of speech and look which would have concealed from less tender eyes than a parent's the distress she meekly bore. Patience and love, meekness and faith, were in the reaping of this single score of years as fully as in the Christian patriarch's lengthened life.

And shall we detain amid these "earthly damps" the soul which has such readiness for the heavenly life? Would we, if we could, recall her from her heart's desire and the home of her longing prayers? For, while happier than most people on the earth, she had a desire, often expressed, to be clothed upon with immortality. Her soul was like a tree, which, while it hugs the earth, aspires to the skies. And now God has transplanted her, and she continues in the light of his glory and the joy of his nearer presence.

"Fold her, O Father! in thy arms,
And let her, henceforth, be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee."

LITTLE FINGERS.

Busy little fingers,
Everywhere they go,
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know.

Now into my work-box,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding.

Now into the basket,
Where the keys are hidden,
So mischievous looking,
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses,
Keeping off the scolding.

Darling little fingers,
Never, never still;
Make them, Heavenly Father,
One day do Thy will.

Country Gentleman.



GETHSEMANE.

THE city of Jerusalem is situated upon a high ridge of land, and is surrounded with walls. The entrance into the city is through gates.

Outside of the walls, in the valleys and on the neighboring hillsides, there used to be gardens. These gardens were not like modern gardens. They were quite large tracts, containing olive orchards, pomegranate-trees, fig-trees, and vines. These gardens were not private, but were places of general resort.

On the east of Jerusalem there is a valley, along which flows the Brook Kedron. On the other side of this brook, at the base

of Mount Olivet, there was one of these gardens, called the Garden of Gethsemane. The road from Jerusalem to Bethany passes along this way. Mary and Martha, with their brother Lazarus, lived at Bethany. They were dear friends of Jesus, and he used, when at Jerusalem, to go out and visit them. He would often, too, ascend Mount Olivet. So he was frequently in the vicinity of this garden, and we know that it was to him a favorite place of resort.

But what gives to this spot its special interest, and makes it one of the most sacred places on earth, is what passed there on the night before Jesus was crucified.

On the evening of Thursday, the day

before his crucifixion, he met with his disciples to partake with them the Paschal Supper, which was the commencement of the Feast of the Passover. He then instituted that beautiful rite, which Christians have always loved to observe, called the Lord's Supper.

After the supper he conversed with his disciples, uttering those beautiful words which St. John records in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of his Gospel, and sending up to God that deep and tender prayer for his chosen ones, recorded in the seventeenth chapter.

Then he went forth with his disciples, passed over the Brook Kedron into this Garden of Gethsemane. Leaving the rest of the disciples, he retired with Peter, James, and John, farther into the garden. Then, charging them to keep watch, he withdrew about a stone's throw to pray.

Alone, in that midnight hour, there came over him great heaviness of spirit. He knew that, in the city, officers, under the lead of Judas, were getting ready to start in pursuit of him. He knew that his disciples would soon desert him. He was oppressed with the thought that men whom he loved, whom he would do any thing to bless, should so cruelly seek his life. His tender heart was burdened more with the weight of their wickedness than with his own impending fate. In great agony of spirit, he besought God that some other way of reaching men's hearts might be found, that this bitter cup might pass away from him.

But, as he thought and prayed, he became more and more assured of the Father's love and wisdom, and knew that his way was the right way. In full and loving submission, he could say from his heart, "Not my will, but thine be done."

Then his great trouble passed away, and God's angels of strength and peace visited

him. He arose and went back to his disciples, whom he found heavy with sleep.

He had barely time to awaken them, before the officers entered the garden, and by a traitorous kiss he was betrayed into their hands.

This suffering of Jesus was for the good of men. To save them from sin, to help them to become loving and obedient children of God, he was willing to endure any pain, to give up his life.

It is no wonder that Christians feel a strong interest in this spot, which is so intimately associated with the closing hours of Jesus' ministry on earth. Christian travellers love to visit it, and read there the record of that last night as given in the Gospels. It seems to bring him nearer to their souls, and make his whole life more real to them. We, who cannot see the real spot, may yet picture it in our minds; and love to ponder upon the great lesson there taught, and have our hearts touched by the love of him who suffered that we might rejoice.

A portion of what was probably Gethsemane is represented above. It is from a photographic view taken on the spot.

The trees are olive-trees, of which there are now standing eight, very large and old. It is thought that they are 2,000 years old. If so, they must have been standing when Jesus lived, and he may have found comfort and rest beneath their branches. It is certain that they are very old; but, of course, not certain that their age is so great as is represented.

ACQUIRE the habit of doing every thing well.

LIVE not for yourselves.

"COMMIT thy way unto the Lord, and he will direct thy path."

For The Dayspring.

AUNT ETHEL'S STORY.

["Aunt Ethel's Story" was written for the Winchester Sunday-school scholars. We are very glad to give it to the readers of "The Dayspring."]



LITTLE ETHEL was tired. Examination, exhibition, and a children's party at the end, were too much for her; and she cuddled up in auntie's lap, too tired for any thing, — even sleep. "Please tell me a story," said she; "that always rests me."

"Yes," replied Aunt Ethel, "but it always tires me. However, you shall have one about our Sunday-school examination when I was a girl. It was to be held in Pleasant Valley on Saturday afternoon. All the children in town were invited to be there; and all the ministers were to be a committee, who should examine us, and give a prize to the one who had learned the Sunday-school lessons best. Some of us laughed at the idea. A great many said right up and down that they would not go. But when we learned that a brass band would be there, and we could dance, sing, play croquet, and eat candy, cake, and ice-cream, it seemed such a funny way to examine us, that we all went and filled up Pleasant Valley fuller than ever before, or since. I took pains to read over my old hymns to make sure that I knew them. Your uncle Charley read the whole Gospel of Matthew, except that long list of names. Some of our playmates went through the catechism from beginning to end. But we soon found there was no need of such preparations.

"Such fun! And the ministers liked it as much as anybody. They didn't dance, but they were real glad when we did; and Mr. Reed, our minister, was my partner at croquet; and Dr. Smith, from the Baptist Church, swung me so high I thought I should never come down again. Katie Bell wanted me to let her swing part of the time; but I wouldn't let her, for I might never have so good a chance again. Katie's mother washed at our house, and that's why the troublesome girl thought she ought to take part in all the fun I had. Why, she even wanted to take my mallet and play croquet with Mr. Reed! But I boxed her ears and sent her away, after advising her to be more humble. Then we ate. Oh, what a lot of good things! I don't wonder some of us were sick that night. And when the tables were cleared, Dr. Smith got up and said we would sing one hymn and then go home. 'But the examination and the prize?' said several voices, mine among the rest. 'If you will all go to your own meetings to-morrow morning, you will hear about that,' was the reply. So we went home, very much puzzled.

"But before preaching his sermon the next morning, our minister announced that a Sunday-school examination had been held on Saturday afternoon at Pleasant Valley, and the committee had agreed upon the following report:—

"That ten boys, whose names they would not tell, had quarrelled, and so had failed in the lesson of living peaceably with all.

"That ten girls had been selfish on the croquet-grounds, and at the swings, and therefore had failed in the lesson of making others happy.

"That several children, boys and girls alike, had been greedy in filling their pockets with candy and cake, and then asking for more, as if they had not been helped.

"Finally, the prize for the best scholar was to be given to Miss Katie Bell, because she had learned the lesson of returning good for evil to the girls who refused to let her play with them because she was poor.

"So Katie Bell got the picture-book; and I knew, from what Mr. Reed said, just where I had failed in the Sunday-school examination."

Here Aunt Ethel stopped; for, looking down into little Ethel's face, she saw that the tired girl had dropped asleep.

MOUNT PLEASANT SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT.

THE Mount Pleasant Sunday School held its bi-monthly concert on the first Sunday evening of last month. The subject for the evening was "God is Love."

The pulpit was handsomely decorated with flowers and evergreens, — the bright hyacinths filling the church with their fragrance. A board, with a projection at the bottom, was covered with green cambric, and fixed in front of the pulpit to receive the motto.

After the devotional exercises, the little ones came forward in succession, bringing blocks bearing the letters needed for the motto. As the blocks were successively placed, the verses given in the second number of "The Dayspring," page 30, were recited. Then all united in singing the two verses there given, the school joining in the chorus. It was very prettily done, and the effect was very pleasing.

The pieces recited by the older scholars were: "God is Good," "God's Providence," "God is better than the Priest," "The Sculptor and his Child," "City Sparrows in Winter," "Live in Love," Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness," and Longfellow's "Saint John." "How the Beautiful Gates Came

Ajar" was very prettily sung by one of the scholars, her classmates joining in the chorus. These recitations were interspersed by singing appropriate hymns from the Service Book.

The last piece spoken was a dialogue by two boys about nine or ten years old. It seemed to come in so well, that we will give it to our readers.

GOD IS LOVE.

A DIALOGUE. — HERBERT AND EDDIE.

HERBERT. — Good evening, Eddie: how have you enjoyed the exercises this evening?

EDDIE. — Very much. I didn't think I should enjoy them so much when the subject for the evening was announced.

H. — I know. It was because we should have to hear sober pieces all the evening. We knew there would be no chance for any thing funny.

E. — Almost every one likes to laugh; and people generally like those pieces that make them laugh better than those that make them think.

H. — That's so. I am laughing almost all the time myself; and I laugh in my sleep sometimes, I have such funny dreams. But, after all, there are thoughts that make us feel happier than the funny ones do, and we have had such thoughts this evening.

E. — Yes; and, what is more, these thoughts will come to us very often in the future, and will help to make our whole lives happy. I do not think we shall, either of us, forget that beautiful motto, nor its truth, which has been so strongly impressed upon our minds this evening.

H. — That we shall not. And how glad I am that children are now really taught that "God is love," and that he is to be loved rather than feared.

E. — And so am I glad. I guess our grandfathers and grandmothers, when they

were children, were taught quite differently. From what they say, I think they learned to fear God rather than to love him.

H. — It must have been so. Only think of their learning such verses as this: —

“What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
While we neglect to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear,
To all our cries another day.”

E. — That does not sound much like the beautiful verses we have heard to-night.

H. — No; and it does not sound much like what Jesus tells us of God, nor much like what Saint John wrote in the letter from which our motto was taken.

E. — When I think of God's being so good to all his children, even to those who do not love him and obey him, I feel that I must be more loving towards him and towards everybody.

H. — It is so with me too. And I mean to think more about his love, that I may love him more, and try more in all my ways to please him.

E. — Don't you know some good verses about God's love, which you can repeat?

H. — Yes; and, if you will repeat that verse you learned the other day, I will repeat them.

E. — Well, I will: —

“God of this fair creation,
In whom we live and move!
With hymns of adoration,
We own that thou art love.
Before thine altar kneeling,
Thy gracious name we bless,
For life, for health, for feeling, —
For all earth's plenteousness.”

H. — That is first-rate. Now I will repeat mine: —

“Earth, with her ten thousand flowers;
Air, with all its beams and showers;
Ocean's infinite expanse;
Heaven's resplendent countenance, —
All around, and all above,
Hath this record: God is love.

“Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills;

Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred, —
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden: God is love.

“All the hopes and tears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies, —
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering: God is love.”

E. — I thank you, Bertie. It is time now for me to go: so I will bid you “good-night.”

H. — “Good-night,” Eddie.

A GOOD ACT.

To the young readers of the Dayspring.

THERE is not much to this story, but it is every word true. As I was passing down Causeway Street, in Boston, a few days ago, I saw a poor blind man groping his way along by the aid of a cane. He carried a large bag thrown over his shoulder, and was bending under the weight of its contents. He had soon to cross the street, and as he drew nearer the curb-stone, he raised his head once or twice, as if to find out by listening whether any teams were near. I was just wondering how he could get across the crowded street alone, when I noticed a boy, who had been leaning against a building, step forward and touch the old man on the arm.

“Mister! I'll help you across!”

“Thank you,” and the man lifted a grateful face to the boy, and gave him his hand.

I felt as if I wanted to thank that boy, for his simple words and quiet action did me good. I passed them a moment afterwards, and did not see them again. But all the way home in the cars I thought of it again and again. The boy was not richly clothed; in fact, I hardly noticed his dress; but I don't care if he were in rags, it was a noble action, and I never shall forget it.

From a boy who loves the “Dayspring” as much, if not more, than he did the “Gazette.”

FRED SCARECROW.

PICTURE READING.

CONSIDER the



for they neither



nor



which neither have



nor



and God feedeth them. How much
more are ye better than the



For The Dayspring.

THE FIRST BIRD OF SPRING.

O MAMMA, look! see little birdie!
How shiny blue his wings!
He flies 'way up the very tree-top;
And hark, how nice he sings!

O mamma, now the spring is coming!
The birdie tells me so;
He says the soft and gentle south wind
All o'er the land will blow.

The grass will grow upon the hillsides,
The trees be robed in green;
And everywhere will come the flowers,
And beauty bright be seen.

My pretty little bird, I thank you;
Although March winds are strong,
You come from out the sunny south-land,
To sing that sweetest song.

LITTLE JAMIE.

ONE day little Jamie's mother could not let him do what he wished to; so he said he wished "God would take her to Heaven." His mother told him that maybe God would take her. When he went to bed at night, he wanted to say his prayer alone. His mother listened at the door, and heard him add to his prayer, "Please, God, not take mamma to Heaven."

After he had received his good-night kiss, he said he would go to sleep and "dream that Jesus was kissing him."

Another night he wanted to know if the angels would come down and

take care of him. "Yes," he said, "God will say to the angels, 'Go down and take care of little Jamie;'" and if I should wake up, I shall see them."

Jamie is a good boy, and makes his father and mother very happy. His heart is full of love, and he is all the time saying sweet things. I hope all the little boys and girls are as happy as he is.

Jesus loves them all, and would keep them pure and good, and make them happy; and God's dear angels will take care of them.

GOD'S MERCIES EVER NEW.

"New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

"New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven."

BOOK NOTICES.

WE have received from A. Williams & Co., 135 Washington Street, another volume of Mrs. Craik's series of "Books for Girls," published by the Harpers. Its title is *TWENTY YEARS AGO*. The book is from the journal of a girl in her 'teens, and gives an account of her experiences in Paris during a short visit at the time of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. The girls will want considerable knowledge of French to read it with pleasure, as it abounds in French words and phrases.

Puzzles.

4.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in old, but not in young;
 My second in mouth, but not in tongue;
 My third is in heaven, but not in earth;
 My fourth is in pleasure, but not in mirth;
 My fifth is in tall, but not in high;
 My sixth is in sight, but not in eye;
 My seventh in head, but not in hair;
 My eighth in water, but not in air;
 My ninth is in rose, but not in pink;
 My tenth is in cup, but not in drink;
 My eleventh in tree, but not in leaf;
 My last is in short, but not in brief.
 My whole, three words from a prophet's call,
 Should ever be the motto of all.

5.

BURIED NEW TESTAMENT CITIES.

1. Do, madam, as custom requires.
2. Such gifts I do not wish to receive.
3. We saw from the ship a phosphorescent light.
4. The upper gallery was not full.
5. Little Emily strayed too far from home.
6. Let him put Æolian harps in the windows.

6.

WORD-ENIGMAS. — FLOWERS.

1. Drop the first letter and you have what is of great use in expressing thought; drop the last letter and you have a very common and useful article; drop both the first and the last and you have a word denoting relation; then drop the last letter of that and behold what you often call yourself.

2. Drop the first syllable and the flower becomes a man; drop also the last syllable and the man becomes thin; drop also the last letter then remaining and you have a meadow.

3. Drop the first letter and you have a word granting permission; drop the last three letters and you have a pleasant place for a walk; drop the first syllable and you will see what a certain domestic animal does.

4. The last four letters girls sometimes jump; the last five letters are a figure of speech; the first syl-

lable denotes a male; drop the first letter and the last four letters and you have the name of a man noted in the early history of the country as a preacher to the Indians.

5. The first syllable denotes a cunning animal; drop the first letter from it and you have a patient animal; the last syllable is something for the hand; drop the first letter from that and you have what you must give to everybody.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

1. — Washington.
 2. — 1. Babylon. 2. Cana. 3. Tyre. 4. Samaria. 5. Bethany. 6. Cesarea.

3.

1.	2.
TRUTH	BIBLE
RATIO	IDEAL
UTTER	BEARD
TIER S	LARGE
HORSE	ELDER

By the approval of evil you become guilty of it.

FIVE means of mental improvement: observation, conversation, reading, memory, and reflection.

"MENTAL fragrance still will last
 When our youthful charms are past."

"THOSE who possess real excellence think and say the least about it."

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